The Spendthrift

By J. BERRY CRAPO

Mrs. Merriman had a fortune, but she feared at times that her son Jack would run through it before she was herself done with it, and then "poor, dear Jacky—what would he do?" Jack was a lovable fellow, with lots of friends who adored him, belonged to a number of clubs—indeed, was in everything that induced the expenditure of money.

"Mother," he said to her one day after a lecture, "there's no use in my trying to get on economically here, where the temptation to spend is so great. I must go elsewhere. What do you say to my resigning from all my clubs and societies and going to a law school, where I can learn a profession that will enable me to take care of you, my dear mumsey, in your old age?"

Jack Merriman that autumn entered a university located where there was nothing but the college and entered for the degree of bachelor of laws. But the leopard cannot change his spots. Jack found several rich students in the institution who had automobiles. What was there to do in the country during hours when he was not studying except to run over the smooth roads? What was more simple than to pay a few hundred dollars down for a machine and give his note on it for the rest? So he scraped together the few hundred dollars and bought a $5,000 machine.

One afternoon during the Indian summer, when the warm sunlight shone upon the many colored leaves that were beginning to die on the trees, Jack Merriman, with Edith Ashurst beside him and Bob Overaker and Sadie Chandler on the rear seat, was running over to B. for a dinner and a ride back in the cool moonlight. He had an uncle in B., and there was danger in his going there, but he risked it.

All went well as a marriage bell till the party rode up to the hotel where the dinner had been ordered by telephone. Jack was about to take off his goggles and help Miss Ashurst out when he espied his uncle coming down the street. It was too late to push on, for those in the rear seat were getting out and the uncle was nearly upon them. In a hurried whisper Jack told Miss Ashurst that the man was his uncle and that they were all to go into the hotel. If the uncle asked questions he was not to be Jack Merriman, but Tom Oglethorpe.

When Mr. Merriman, Sr., came along Jack was at the wheel, his goggles still over his eyes, turning on the connection.

"Jack! Hello! Wait a minute!" called the uncle.

"Anything I can do for you, sir?" said Jack, the machine chugging as though impatient to be off.

"What are you doing here? And this machine—have you been wasting your mother's money?"

"What are you talking about, and who are you, anyway? I've no time to fool here. I've got to be at D., forty miles away, in an hour."

"Do you mean"—putting on a pair of spectacles—"to say that you're not Jack Merriman?"

"Do you mean to say that you're not a blundering old idiot? Get out of the way, I say. I'm losing precious time."

Jack started the automobile, just grazing the old gentleman's toes, and was soon out of sight. Mr. Merriman looked after him doubtfully, then, muttering something like "I'd have sworn it was he," passed on by the hotel, stopped, pondered, went back and entered by the same door that the party had gone in. They were waiting for him in the reception room. Bob Overaker accosted him in the hall.

"I say, sir, has the automobile gone?"

"The one in front of the door? Yes."

"That's too bad."

"Oh, dear!" cried Miss Ashurst. "Tom's gone off with all the wraps. We'll have to ride home without them, and it's getting colder every moment."

"'Tom,' did you say?" asked Mr. Merriman.

"Yes, sir," put in Overaker, "Tom Oglethorpe, my cousin. Do you know him, sir?"

"The gentleman in the automobile," replied Mr. Merriman, "very much resembles my nephew, John Merriman. Indeed, I was sure he was my nephew. Do you say he is your cousin? What is your name?"

"My name is Spangler, sir. Tom Oglethorpe's mother is my aunt."

"H'm!" muttered Mr. Merriman. "I'm obliged to you for correcting me. I came very near making a grave mistake. Good evening."

Half an hour afterward Jack, having left his auto at a garage, sneaked in at the back door and learned what had occurred. Then, directing that no one should be admitted to the dining room, the party sat down to dinner.

Mrs. Merriman did not hear from the automobile from Jack's uncle, but later from Jack himself, who suddenly appeared at home and told her that he had given up the study of law to be married. The girl was Miss Ashurst, who was worth a million in her own right.

"And, mother," added Jack, "we're going on a wedding trip through Europe and will take you with us. I've bought the auto already for the purpose. There's money due on it; let me have a check, please."

Jack's story was true—this time.

THE TRUTH OF IT.

A Peek Into the Real Way Some Married Folks Live.

He appeared at the office promptly at 9 each morning, and, taking but an hour off for lunch, he worked almost unremittingly till 4 in the afternoon.

But these are not short hours, however they may appear. He was obliged to awaken his wife at 6 that she might have his breakfast at 7 and so let him start at 8. And between 4 and 6 in the evening there were many things to be discussed at many bars. So he arrived at home at 6:30, tired out and naturally peevish if dinner were not on the table. Twelve and one-half hours of hard labor.

But he acknowledges that it's worth it to get back to his dear little butterfly wife. She knows nothing of a business man's grind—she refreshes him. Dear little soul! She flits like a butterfly from flower to flower, while he is earning the daily bread—and then sits at the window and waits longingly for him.

Does she? Well, here's what she does: He routs her out of bed at 6. She gets his breakfast and gets rid of him. She sweeps, she dusts, she washes dishes and cleans the silver because there will be guests tomorrow. She starts to launder some stuff she can't trust to the laundry—finds she is hungry and eats three olives, a piece of celery and an eclaire. Then she mends socks and things. Look! It is nearly time for her lord and master to come home!

She gets up a four course dinner. He comes in and slumps in the Morris chair, tired to death. She apologizes for being late.

And he kicks because she is still wearing the morning costume she had on when he left. What has she done all day while he has worked? Nothing!

After she's done the dinner dishes she wakes him up and tells him it's after bedtime. Just when a man wants to begin to enjoy the comforts of home! It's only 10 p. m.

Why can't a man stay a bachelor?—Cleveland Leader.

Treatment For Volubility.

Abernethy was supposed to influence people by a brusqueness amounting to absolute rudeness. It is related that one day a very voluble lady took her daughter, who was ill, to see him.

"Which of you wants to consult me?" said Abernethy.

"My daughter," replied the elder woman.

Abernethy then put a question to the girl. Before she had a chance to reply her mother began a long story. Abernethy told her to be quiet and repeated his question to the girl. A second time the woman began a story, and a second time he told her to be quiet. Then she interrupted him a third time.

"Put your tongue out," he said to the mother.

"But there's nothing the matter with me," she exclaimed.

"Never mind. Put your tongue out," he commanded.

Thoroughly overawed, the woman obeyed.

"Now keep it out," said Abernethy. And he proceeded to examine the girl.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Quiet Grace.

Mr. Blobbs dined the other evening with some friends. When the guests were seated the host bent his head and began speaking in a subdued tone.

"Eh, what's that?" demanded Blobbs, who sat beside him and who is rather deaf.

The host smiled patiently and began again in a louder voice.

"Speak a little louder; I don't catch what you say," Blobbs persisted.

A low ripple of laughter went round the table. The host, his face crimson with embarrassment, raised his voice still higher. The poor old man did his best to hear, but failed.

"What did you say?" he demanded irascibly.

The host cast him an angry glance. "Dang it, I'm saying grace!" he yelled.—Tit-Bits.

No Justice In This.

Cook—Yez can't expect me to stay here for $60 a month.

Master—And why not, pray?

Cook—Me work for only $60 whin yez do be after payin' your wife $125 alimony!—Life.

He Was a Skeptic.

Greening—Do you believe in dreams?

Browning—I used to, but not now.

Greening—What's the explanation?

Browning—I met one about ten years ago, and I married her.—Chicago News.

A Regret.

Minx—I told old Doc Wray that I believed I was the only living example of his patients.

"What did he say?"

"Said he was sorry to say I was."

A Nice Point.

A plain and simple answer for
This question's what we wish:
Does fishing make a man a liar or
Do only liars fish?

—Lippincott's.

BABIES AS INVESTMENTS.

Opinions of a Satsittaderah deraheda Opinions of a Statistician and of Fond Mothers Do Not Agree.

Some crabbed old bachelor on the California board of health has been figuring on the commercial value of babies, and concludes that babies are mighty poor investments. This statistician, who probably has holes in his stockings and lacks buttons on his shirts, states that $4,000 is the average cost of raising a California child from birth to the age of 20 years, while his or her average value at 20 years is $4,150. That is, papa and mamma are only $150 to the good. The old bachelor bases his figures on the net earning capacity of the average citizen in all the gainful occupations in California, capitalized at 6 per cent. interest.

He says further that the average value of all the children in the United States, as reported by the national conservation committee, is $2,900. Plainly, the disingenious statistician fears for his safety at the hands of California mothers, for he makes their babies worth $1,100 more each than any other babies in this country.

But his ruse of hoisting the value of California babies will not preserve this board of health man from the mothers' wrath. He should have proved his figures, established their accuracy, before he published them. It is not too late now. Let him ask a few good mothers what is the real, not the commercial, value to them of their babies.

Let him ask a young mother the value of her firstborn son nestling in her arms. Then he will have a chance to do some figuring in billions, for she will answer in effect:

"Not all the gold in California and under it could buy back from me as much as the first kiss I took from his dear lips."

Or let him say to a poverty stricken widow who is wearing out her life to keep her four, five, or six "poor investments" in the human market:

"My good woman, California babies are worth $4,000 each. Here is $16,000. Now your little ones are mine."

What would her answer be?

Perhaps it would be best and safest for the bachelor to talk to this mother over the 'phone.—New York World.

Selecting a Carpet.

When choosing a carpet it is best to select one with a small pattern, if economy must be considered. It should be of a rather light color. The small pattern cuts to greater advantage, and when the wool begin to wear the light color will not contract.

Saved from Awful Death.

How an appalling calamity in his family was prevented is told by A. D. McDonald, of Fayetteville, N. C. R. F. D. No. 8. "My Sister had consumption," he writes, "she was very thin and pale, had no appetite and seemed to grow weaker every day, as all remedies failed, till Dr. King's New Discovery was tried, and so completely cured her, that she has not been troubled with a cough since. Its the best medicine I ever saw or heard of." For coughs, colds, lagrippe, asthma, croup, hemorrhage all bronchial troubles, it has no equal. 50c, $1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by All Druggists.

Fashion Hints For Men.

The fashionable coat of this season tends somewhat to narrow shoulders—that is, narrow shoulders when compared to the shoulders of seasons gone by. The collar fits snugly about the neck, and the coat itself is a trifle shorter than last year. It is waisty, with a narrow back, and is finished with narrow, plain sleeves. For the waistcoat (that the shawl-roll or no-collar vest is being worn. The latter style is probably the more popular of the two. Trousers are but a little smaller in both length and width, reaching just to the instep when properly adjusted.

All efforts to make the full-dress suit an article of splendor have failed utterly. Many ideas have been advanced to change the style of this garment, but all have been cast aside, and one dress suit is the like another as two peas in a pod. There is very seldom any radical change in this line, but the novelty and newness insists on a few slight changes now and then.

The opera hat has been almost abandoned this season, and the silk hat has come into its own. The "silk" is now the proper thing for evening wear.

White kid gloves are worn with the morning dress coat, and with the dinner coat tan capeskin or mocha hand coverings are correct. At the first of the season there was an effort to popularize white gloves with black stitchings, but this failed.

One of the latest and most fashionable collars is the old-style lap front, or military collar. The poke collar is also much worn. The high standing, close fitting collar is still correct with dinner costume.

The old-time dress tie, a fluffy lawn bow, has been replaced by a stiff bow of figured pique, averaging about two inches in width, with ends round or square, according to preference.